

BOBBY MAKE-BELIEVE

IMAGINES HE'S A WHOLE TRAIN OF CARS...



THE TEENIE WEEENIES

NO MORE TOMATOES FOR THE DUNCE,
by Wm. DONAHEY.

THE tomato plant the Teenie Weenies had set out early in the summer had grown to a very great size and a huge tomato hung near the top.

"I think our tomato is about ripe and we ought to pick it soon," said the Old Soldier one morning after a trip to the garden.

"There's no time like the present," said the General. "And when the Cook is ready we can bring it over."

"You can get it here any time you like," put in the Cook. "I'll be ready tomorrow morning if that time will suit you."

"Oh, s-s-say!" exclaimed the Dunce. "Wait until the next day, because the Cowboy and I are going out to hunt caterpillars. We want to get some skins for fur caps next winter."

"Well, Dunce, I guess you'll have to put off your hunting trip until later, for that tomato ought to be brought up so the Cook can put it in cans for the winter," said the General.

Bright and early the next morning the little folks set out for the garden where they proceeded to pick the tomato. The tomato was very ripe and it was necessary to lower it to the ground with ropes. The Sailor climbed up the plant with a hatchet, while the Dunce followed with the rope. The two Teenie Weenies were good climbers, so it took them but a short time to reach the tomato.

The Sailor climbed to a branch above the tomato where he could tie the rope onto the stem, and just as he reached for the rope, which the Dunce carried over his arm, he saw a great tomato worm crawling towards the Dunce.

"Look out, Dunce!" he shouted.

"W-w-w-where? What is it?" asked the Dunce, and turning his head he saw the big worm.

"O-o-oh, g-g-g-gosh!" he yelled, and in his hurry to slide out of the way the poor Dunce caught his foot in the rope and pitched headlong toward the ground.

Fortunately he was able to grab a lower branch, which broke his fall, and if he hadn't caught it he might have been seriously injured.

The Sailor struck the worm over the head with his hatchet and knocked it to the ground where the rest of the Teenie Weenies soon made short work of it.

"Well, I'm through with tomatoes for good," said the Dunce when he found he had not been hurt by the fall. "No more tomatoes for me."

"You'll eat 'em, won't you?" asked the Cook.

"Well, yes, I'll eat 'em," answered the Dunce, "but you can bet your last raisin seed I'm through climbin' tomato plants. J-j-jimminie i-i-fish-hooks, that worm looked as big as a rabbit."

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